

WHO ARE THE AMERICANS?

PART
TWO

Sport.

In sport, the Americans have been consistent winners in the international contests between the two countries. Whether it be polo, golf or yachting—whenever there is a sport that is followed on both sides of the Atlantic, and annual matches or races have been arranged—the American victories become monotonous. But it by no means follows that if a thousand poloists, or ten thousand yachtsmen, or a hundred thousand golfers were pitted against each other, the Americans would win. For the habit of engaging in sport is more widespread among Englishmen, but to every one of those Englishmen it is repugnant to sacrifice

all his habits to the sport in question."

Climate.

The climates of America and of Britain are totally dissimilar. These climatic differences have a profound effect on national habits and temperament.

The Position of Women.

... the importance of women in American political life. It has been estimated that substantially more than 50 per cent of all the property in the United States is owned by women. The tradition in England is to hand down

property from father to son—perhaps only to the eldest son. In America the tradition, when a man dies, is to leave all his property to his widow; the son is expected to make his own way in the world."

Divorce.

The greater freedom of the sexes is evident in the matter of divorce. Thus, there were in the last year for which the figures in both countries are to hand, 7,382 divorces in Great Britain and 160,338 in the United States. Allowing for the fact that the population of the United States was nearly three times that of Great Britain, there were twelve times as many divorces per head of population."

World Trade.

They are but slightly interested in international trade. The United States is a sort of little world in itself; it trades with itself."

Divided Government.

There is no parallel in England to the Federal System in American government, which divides the functions of government between the nation and the States. The governing principle is that the States are themselves like sovereign nations, and that the central Government has only the powers which have been specifically delegated to it by the United States Constitution. The result is a constant conflict of fundamental jurisdiction between the National Government and the State Governments, as well as between and among the several State Governments themselves. These disputes provide the majority of cases which are argued before the Supreme Court."

President v. Congress.

The distinguishing characteristics of the system of government established by the United States Constitution is the division of powers. The executive power in the United States is entirely reposed in the President himself. The besetting problem of the Presidency is to wrestle with the Congress."

The Supreme Court

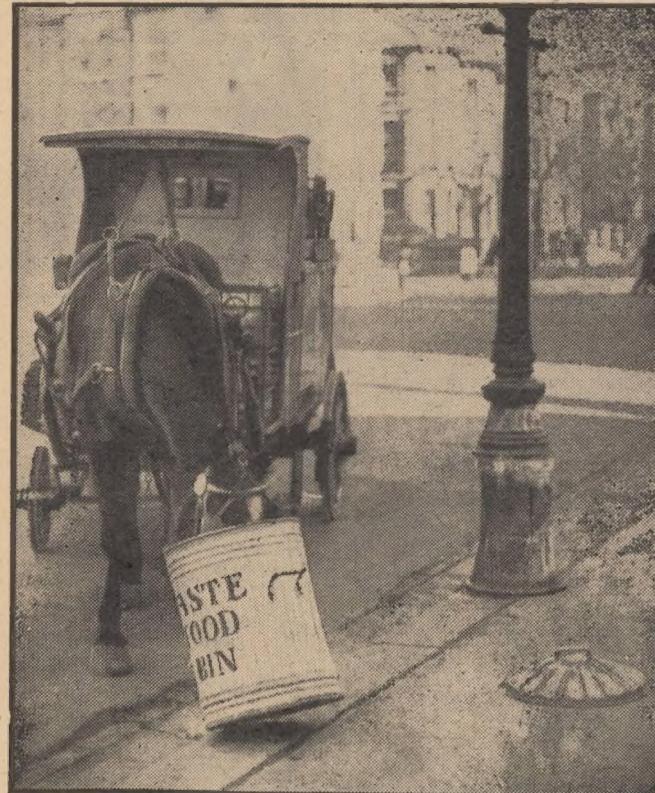
It has often appeared surprising, and indeed irrational, to foreign observers, and also to the left-wing intelligentsia of America, that the Supreme Court should be allowed to nullify the popular will by holding as unconstitutional, null and void Bills that have been enacted into law by the national or state parliaments.

The fact that the Constitution is written, the fact that it is short, and the fact that it is 150 years old, combine to make its interpretation extraordinarily difficult. There are certain phrases in it whose meaning was doubtless plain to the original authors in the circumstances of their own time, but which have given rise to enormous controversy as to their meaning to-day.

U.K. and U.S.A.

It is, unfortunately, at the youngest and most impressionable age, that the normal American boy is impregnated

You don't need to say the whole of the word "Baseball" to rouse an American's interest to fever pitch. Just ask him if he's going to the "Ball-game"—in fact, don't even ask him, bet your boots he's already booked his seat there. From President Roosevelt right to the guys who fill the "bleachers" knee-deep in pea-nut shells, this game of games grips America. The whole world, too, knows of Babe Ruth, "King of Swat," while Great Britain has met that U.S.A. hero of the "Diamond," Lou Gehrig, through the film "Pride of the Yankees," which was actually his life story. Even in this country there were well over three hundred schoolboy baseball teams fighting it out for a trophy offered by the "Daily Mirror." This interest has been increased through the enthusiasm of our thousands of American cousins now over here, impatiently waiting for the cry "batter-up" as the first batter takes his stand at the plate. Here is a typical "wind up" by a baseball pitcher. Once having commenced his wind-up he must go through with the pitch. Not so easy to hit either, considering that, in addition to innumerable varieties of spin, a pitcher can throw at anything up to ninety miles an hour.



Nobby the Nibbler is called "unpatriotic"

NOBBY, eight-year-old brown gelding, is the cunningest horse in Hove, Sussex, and a great favourite with all the tradespeople and servants in the big houses.

But Lieutenant-Colonel O. L. Mathias, of Wilbury-road, has recently complained to the local council that Nobby is unpatriotic. He says that Nobby knocks lids off waste bins on his round, inspects the contents destined for pigs, and selects the tit-bits for himself.

"He is a darling," she told our "Good Morning" reporter. "He is well fed and cared for, and will do anything for me. He even says 'Please' by stamping the ground when I give him a snack."

"He doesn't rifle the food waste bins, he only selects the pieces of bread that people waste."

And Nobby still does his tricks to delight passers-by.

Mrs. Martin, who is 33, is the wife of a Brighton man serving in the R.A.F. in Persia. She has driven Nobby for eighteen months. Before becoming a milk-round girl she was for twelve years a waitress.

Hove Council solemnly referred the complaint to their surveyor, who referred the matter to the Local Food Committee, who in turn have communicated with the animal's owners, a local firm of dairy-men. And they have pointed out Nobby's peccadilloes to his

with the idea that Britain is the hereditary enemy. The relation of the United States as a whole to this country is much like that of a young man who refused to go into his father's firm, but after a terrific family fight, struck out for himself. Now, after many vicissitudes, he is again on friendly terms with the Governor."

Cross-Section of Europe.

The United States is a cross-section of European peoples, with the strain of British origin providing a much greater proportion than any other, but not greater than the sum of the others."

Education.

In no country does anywhere near the same proportion of people enjoy the benefits of a complete secondary school, and, indeed, of a university education. But where, as in America, the universities number their undergraduates literally in hundreds of thousands, it is obvious that the general level of scholarship will be low."

The American Century.

The theory of 'The American Century' is that, just as Britain assumed the leadership of the world in the last century, so its growing power and central position challenge and compel America to do so in the present one. What may we expect that philosophy and form of government to be? The spirit of the times and the tradition of the United States

will alike prevent them from being lustily Imperialistic in the Kipling sense. But the conscious sense of American strength and power will not permit of a rival leadership.

These are a few samples. But the whole of "Who are the Americans" is well-worth studying.

* From "Who Are The Americans?" (G. W. D. Whitney).

I get around

By
RONALD RICHARDS



WING COMDR. PADDY FINUCANE, D.S.O. and triple D.F.C., who, with his Spitfire, was sent to the bottom of the ocean by a Nazi coastal defence machine gunner, is still fighting and shooting down the Hun.

Finucane almost invariably carried a camera in his aircraft, and he filmed the death of many of his thirty-two victims. Throughout the country now these films are being shown to air crews and cadets of the Allied Nations. They can see how this fearless young ace dived right into enemy fortified positions, how he charged straight into formations of enemy fighters, and how he used his dare-devil tactics to kill every Hun who had the folly to encounter him.

Miss Jean Woolford, to whom Paddy was engaged, is hoping to see the film in the near future. When she does, it will be easy for her to imagine that she is sitting behind the pilot doing the fighting.

I found it so, anyway.

FROM a London newspaper I learn that only eight people in ten in Britain know what they are fighting for.

The other two, perhaps, are not fighting, and among them probably are those who conducted the poll which gave the figures.

ONE of the most subtle remarks from the extremely subtle strip-dancer, Phyllis Dixie, at the Whitehall Theatre, was, I think, when, with little but a tiny smile and a lot of charm, she whispered to the mostly male audience, "I hope your dreams come true."

But perhaps you wouldn't think that at all subtle?

IT is strange how time changes the outlook. Do you recall when, in pre-war days, we almost invariably looked, when holidaying, for hotels facing the sea?

Now it is usual to see advertisements headed, "Not far from the sea," or "At least ten minutes from the front."

THE appeal posters of the long past Prisoners of War Week are, it appears, causing some consternation. People have asked, "The week is over, why don't they take them away?"

The semi-official reply is that the prisoners are still in prison camps, many are still hungry and probably cold. A reminder may still bring in some extra money for our boys who have more to bother them than the eyesore of tattered posters.

I HEARD some time ago that Royal servants were going into battle-dress, but it was this week that I first saw them.

It was on the direction of the King that this measure of austerity was taken, and it is understood that considerable quantities of material will be saved.

The new dress is dark blue and has "G.R. VI" on the left breast. This crest is in gold for upper servants and red for others. Upper servants have gold braid on the shoulder straps, and the others red cord at the shoulder.

It no doubt pleases some of the male servants that the tail coat, waistcoat, stiff white shirt and collar and white tie have hibernated, for the war period, at least.

TIME was that navvies wore cord pants with string round the knees, and they carried their lunch in red handkerchiefs. Now, I notice, the vogue is often battle-dress blouse, Army boots, perhaps worsted trousers suspended with Army or Home Guard pack straps, and the rations are carried in haversacks from the same source of supply.

Perhaps they, as the legitimate wearers, will take a dim view of the austerity battle-suits.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

- What is the smallest county in England?
- In what book does Sarah Gamp appear?
- What is the signature on a £1 note?
- What is a young swan called?
- What is the difference between an English mile, a Scottish mile, an Irish mile, and a sea mile?
- What is a stock?
- What are golf balls covered with?
- Pick out an "intruder" in the following list: Brassie, jigger, biffy, stymie, mashie, niblick.
- Who is the present Minister of Supply?



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

DURING the day of the 29th of January the Island of Ceylon disappeared upon the horizon, and the *Nautilus*, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, glided amongst that labyrinth of canals that separate the Maldives from the Laccadives.

We had then made 16,220 miles since our starting-point in the seas of Japan.

The next day, when the *Nautilus* went up to the surface of the ocean, there was no longer any land in sight. It was going N.N.W., and directing its course towards that Sea of Oman, situated between Arabia and the Indian

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

peninsula, into which the Persian Gulf flows.

It was evidently without egress. Where was Captain Nemo taking us? I could not tell. That did not satisfy the Canadian. He asked me that day where we were going.

"We are going where the captain pleases, Ned."

"That can't be far," answered the Canadian. "The Persian Gulf has no outlet, and if we enter it we shall soon have to come back."

"Well, we must, Mr. Land;

and if, after the Persian Gulf, the *Nautilus* wishes to visit the Red Sea, the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are there for it to go through."

"I need not inform you, sir," answered Ned Land, "that the Red Sea is as much shut up as the gulf, seeing the Isthmus of Suez has not yet been pierced; and even if it were, a vessel as mysterious as ours would not venture into its canals cut up with locks. So the Red Sea is not yet the road to Europe."

For four days, until the 3rd of

February, the *Nautilus* was in the Gulf of Oman, at different depths and various speed.

Then it coasted, at a distance of six miles, the Arabic coasts of Mahrah and Hadramaut, and its undulating line of mountains, relieved by ancient ruins. On the 5th of February we at last entered the Gulf of Aden, a veritable funnel put into the bottle-neck of Bab-el-Mandeb, which pours the Indian waters into the Red Sea.

On the 6th of February the *Nautilus* was floating in sight of Aden.

I thought that when once Captain Nemo had reached that point he would turn back again; but I was mistaken, and, to my great surprise, he did nothing of the kind.

The next day, the 7th of February, we entered the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the name of which means "Gate of Tears" in Arabic. It is twenty miles wide, and only thirty long, and for the *Nautilus*, at full speed, it was hardly the business of an hour. But I saw nothing, not even the Island of Perim, with which the British Government has fortified the position of Aden. Too many English or French steamers ploughed the narrow passage for the *Nautilus* to venture to show itself. So it kept prudently at a good depth. At last, at noon, we were ploughing the waves of the Red Sea.

On the 8th of February, at early dawn, Mocha appeared, a town now in ruins, the walls of which fall even at the noise of cannon, and which shelter here and there verdant date trees.

Then the *Nautilus* went nearer the African shores, where the depth of the sea is greater. There, in water of crystal-like limpidity, through the open panels we were allowed to contemplate admirable bushes of brilliant coral, and vast

Little Weather Mysteries—No. 1

SNOW PROBLEMS

A LARGE tree may have to support five tons of snow on its branches after a severe storm. Fifty million tons of snow hang over Greater London before carpeting the ground to a depth of one foot. It is up there as solid water—not vapour. What keeps it up?

Flakes fall, but the snow in the cloud is not in the form of flakes. It is in the form of minute flat crystals of ice, one two-thousandth of an inch thick and a hundredth of an inch in diameter.

Recent observations made by Japanese scientists at a height of 3,000 feet showed that the snow crystals fall at about three-quarters of a mile per hour, and the lightest wind-currents in the cloud can sustain them.

They are often first formed at a height of about eight miles, and may take days of irregular descent to reach the cloud level. All the time they are falling they are growing, and it is when they finally become matted together that they form flakes and produce a snow-storm.



Designs in flakes.

The flakes continue to grow as they come down, and sometimes measure an inch or two across. The largest snowflakes on record fell in Montana in 1887. Believe it or not, but the *Monthly Weather Review* gave their size as 15 inches across and eight inches thick!

The first man to observe snow crystals was Scoresby, the Arctic explorer, and since then

W. A. Bentley has photographed over two thousand of them.

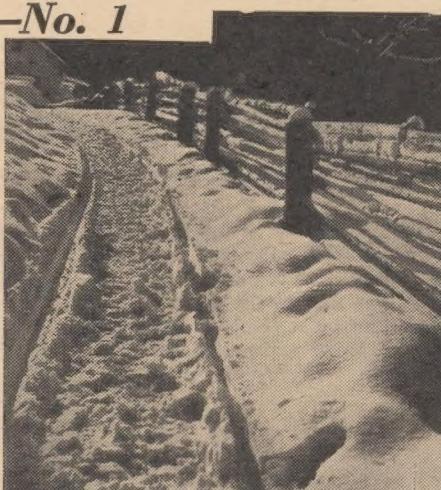
Since perfect specimens seldom reach the ground, and then melt while being searched for

through a microscope, it is not surprising that successful photographs average only 80 per season.

Bentley often stayed out all day in blizzards with a piece of black cardboard, and then got nothing. When he was lucky, the photography had to be performed below freezing-point in double-quick time. Even to breathe on the crystals destroys them.

They are all six-sided, or six-rayed, and countless billions exist in every snow-cloud, yet no two have ever been found exactly alike. They contain minute air bubbles, which give them unique patterns.

Snow crystals have been divided into types, and it is believed that each type is produced at a different level in the atmosphere. The Japanese scientist, Nikaya, considers that a study of the forms of snow-crystals may lead to new knowledge of the atmospheric layers. A fall of snow is a marvellous cleanser of the atmo-



sphere, and an hour's shower may completely remove the 100 tons of dust that constantly pollutes the air over Greater London.

JANE



Follow the BRAINS TRUST

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

WHY is it taken for granted that the man must propose marriage? Why is the woman forward if she shows her affection, while the man who wishes to marry is considered noble and unselfish? Surely we have outgrown the difference, especially in war time, which makes demands on both sexes alike.

Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P.: "I wish the time had come when a woman could propose, and I think many men believe that their wives did, in fact, propose to them. But I suppose a man has always at least formally proposed, because most women have to be economically dependent upon their husbands, and therefore it would be rather difficult for a woman to say, 'Would you mind keeping me for the rest of my life?' But the times are changing; more women are earning their own living, and I hope that after the war perhaps we shall even find a change in the relationship between the sexes as far as proposing is concerned."

Leslie Howard: "I've only got one small suggestion to make. I don't think anything stands in the way of women

proposing except one thing—that is, that the man must be permitted the privilege of saying 'No.' **Captain Quintin Hogg, M.P.:** "Well, it's a funny thing, but I don't seem to differ very much from Dr. Summerskill on politics, but I do on psychology. I think that the reason why men propose and women listen to proposals is because they all like it better that way. A woman's pleasure is to make a man ask her, and a man's pleasure is to make a woman say 'Yes' when he has asked her, and that is the psychological difference between the sexes, and it's nothing to do with equality or inequality."

Mayor La Guardia: "I guess I'm not much of an expert, but I think a great deal of it is poetic, and in most cases where



HOOP MAKER

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Quiz

1. Tanning.
2. Defective memory about a particular period or event, while the memory otherwise remains the same.

3. Hydrophobia.
4. Socrates.
5. Grieg.
6. Francis Bacon.
7. Sir Hubert Wilkins.
8. Goya.
9. Ezekiel.
10. Sir Robert Watson Watt.
11. Charles Dickens.
12. "Sing, You Sinners."

Solution to Yesterday's Quiz

Word Ladder: Rest, Lest, Lost, Lose, Lore, Lure, Sure, Cure.

AT Paddock Wood, Kent, one of the oldest and one of the fast-dying crafts is still being carried on under much the same conditions as it has been for centuries. Mr. Thomas Backshall, who is 78 years old, runs the establishment.

He has been a hoop maker for fifty years, and is now assisted by Mr. F. W. Backshall, his son, who has been with his father ever since he came to Paddock Wood. It is a British—a Kentish trade, if you like.

Every hoop that leaves the workshop is made of Kentish wood, and is grown in the immediate neighbourhood. The hoop maker's apparatus is some of the simplest and the oldest invented, and is one of the jobs in this country that cannot be done by machinery—every single hoop is hand-made.



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

the day after to-morrow when we shall be in the Mediterranean."

"In the Mediterranean?" I cried.

"Yes, professor. Does that astonish you?"

"What astonishes me is that we shall be there the day after to-morrow."

"At the frightful speed your *Nautilus* must reach to find itself to-morrow in full Mediterranean, having made the tour of Africa and doubled the Cape of Good Hope."

"And who told you it would make the tour of Africa, professor? Who spoke of doubling the Cape of Good Hope?"

"Unless the *Nautilus* can move along *terra firma* and passes over the isthmus—"

"Or underneath, M. Aronnax."

"Underneath?"

"Certainly," answered Captain Nemo tranquilly. "It is a long time since Nature has done under that tongue of land what men are now doing on its surface."

"What! there exists a passage!"

"Yes, a subterranean passage that I have named Abraham Tunnel. It begins above Suez and ends in the Gulf of Pelusium."

"But the isthmus is only formed of moving sand."

"To a certain depth. But at a depth of fifty yards only there is a stratum of rock."

"And did you discover that passage by accident?" I asked, more and more surprised.

"By accident and reasoning, professor, and by reasoning more than by accident."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you how you discovered this tunnel?"

"Sir," answered the captain, "there can be no secret between people who are never to leave each other again."

I paid no attention to the insinuation, and awaited Captain Nemo's communication.

"Professor," said he, "it was a naturalist's reasoning that led me to discover this passage, which I alone know about. I had noticed that in the Red Sea and the Mediterranean there existed a certain number of fish of absolutely identical species. Certain of this fact, I asked myself if there existed no communication between the two seas. If one did exist, the subterranean current must necessarily flow from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean on account of the different levels. I therefore took a great number of fish in the neighbourhood of Suez. I put a brass ring on their tails, and threw them back into the sea. A few months later, on the coast of Syria, I again took some specimens of my fish with their tell-tale ornaments. The communication between the two seas was then demonstrated. I looked for it with my *Nautilus*, discovered it, ventured into it, and before long, professor, you too will have been through my Arabic tunnel."

(Continued to-morrow)

THEY SAY-

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

Ulysses Simpson Grant.

X X X

I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Stephen Grellet.

X X X

The British Army should be a projectile to be fired by the British Navy.

Lord Grey of Falloden.

X X X

I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my feet in the mat.

Weedon Grossmith.

X X X

Men are not hanged for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen.

George Savile, Marquis of Halifax.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Dismay.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10				
11		12		13			14
	15			16		17	
18				19	20		
		21	22				
23	24	25			26	27	28
29			30	31			
32		33		34			35
	36					37	
38				39			

CLUES DOWN.

1 Tree. 2 Musical instrument. 3 Peers inquisitively. 4 Mislaid. 5 Private seal. 6 Equality. 7 Make amends. 8 Cut with axe. 12 Lariat. 14 Curve. 16 Obliterate. 18 Shed plumage. 20 Stringed instrument. 22 Assailed with missiles. 24 Norwegian. 25 Lived. 27 Ventilated. 28 Poetic rhythm. 31 Let it stand. 33 Born as. 35 Heavy.

5 Algerian soldier.

9 Man's title.

10 Narcotic.

11 Greets.

13 Germinates.

15 Make tidy.

17 Fresh.

18 Wet, spongy soil.

19 Ebb.

21 River-flood.

23 Opens.

26 Source of light.

29 Moo.

30 Boy's name.

32 Staffordshire river.

34 Wrongs.

36 Part of a coat.

37 Age.

38 Made much of.

39 Provided for.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SPLASH JEAN

ARID OWING

CANOES BLEW

KIT NET I DA

SWIDENS TV

BEFOG NATTY

REMEDIY R

APE AXE HUM

ROAN ARCADE

SKULL URGE

JEST STOPPED

Your Hope Of a Fortune

ROLL up, roll up, roll up. . . Another instalment of John Nelson's famous Soccer Pool now ready.

Below are the fixtures for a certain pre-war Soccer Saturday. A full card in the First and Second Divisions; a Second Round Cup draw to make things easier for you, and a handful of games in the two Third Divisions.

Just put 1, 2 or X, as the case may be, against the matches as you expect them to end.

F.A. CUP—SECOND ROUND.

Bristol Rovers v Bournemouth
Cardiff v Crewe Alex.
Chelmsford v Darlington
Chester v Hull City
Folkestone v Yeovil and P.
Gainsborough v Doncaster
Halifax v Mansfield
Hartlepools v Q.P.R.
Horden v Newport
Ipswich v Torquay
Lincoln v Bromley
Port Vale v Southend
Runcorn v Aldershot
Scunthorpe v Watford
Southport v Swindon
Stockport v Walthamstow
Walsall v Clapton Orient

DIVISION I.

Birmingham v Brentford
Bolton v Aston Villa
Charlton v Wolves
Chelsea v Huddersfield
Leeds v Sunderland
Leicester v Derby
Liverpool v Grimsby
Manchester Utd. v Arsenal
Middlesbrough v Blackpool
Preston N.E. v Everton
Portsmouth v Stoke City

DIVISION II.

Burnley v Manchester City
Coventry v Fulham
Luton v Chesterfield
Newcastle v Bury
Norwich v Tranmere
Nottingham F. v Sheffield Wednesday
Plymouth v Swansea
Sheffield United v Bradford
Southampton v Blackburn
Tottenham v Millwall
W.B.A. v West Ham

DIVISION III (S.).

Accrington v Rochdale
Barnsley v Gateshead
Barrow v Rotherham
Bradford City v York City
New Brighton v Carlisle
Oldham v Wrexham

DIVISION III (S.).

Exeter v Northampton
Reading v Bristol City
SCOTTISH LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

Aberdeen v Albion R.
Clyde v Hearts
Falkirk v Motherwell
Hamilton v Rangers
Hibernian v Third Lanark
Partick v Arbroath
Queen of the Sth. v Raith Rovers
Queen's Park v Kilmarnock
St. Johnstone v Celtic
St. Mirren v Ayr

Count one point for each home win correctly forecast; two for each away, and three for a draw. On the old penny points pool lines.

Correct results (no wangling, boys, this is the real thing) will be given to-morrow.

JOHN NELSON.

Good Morning

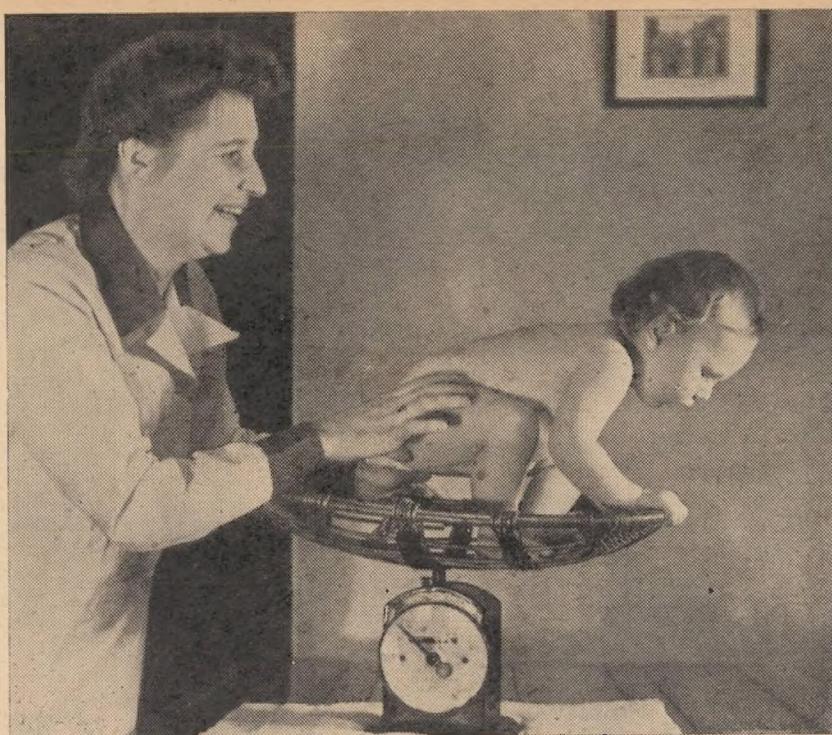
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

The
girl with
a load
of
skill



Marlora, beautiful juggler, and youngest member of the celebrated Florian family, came to England from her native Roumania in 1936. She toured the country and later went to America. After covering three-quarters of the world she returned to Bucharest, only to leave a few weeks later for England, where she has been ever since. She is now at the Whitehall Theatre.

"Wonderful! You've gained three pounds, darling, on that new baby food — all in a week."



"Go it, Son. Tell her what YOU'VE done. Gained four pounds in one week on . . . NUTS."

*This
England . .*



Nursery rhymes and a fairy cottage. "Ding Dong Dell." But that pussy never went into the well, nor, by the way he's drawing up those hind legs, does he intend doing.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Can't stand cissy cats who've never been under water!"

